

**XXXX
NASTY**

SIZZLING XXX NASTY HOUSEWIVES

NASTY HOUSEWIVES PRESENTS

Hot Wives

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AURORA
TIRED OF BEING
THE GOOD WIFE

FABIANE
CITY GIRL
PUT THE
C@NT IN
COUNTRY

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Vixen

**WHEN
HUBBIE'S
AWAY THIS
HOT WIFE
WILL PLAY**

LUSTY
VANESSA
**ANYONE BUT
MY HUSBAND**

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Vixen

The Red-hot Housewife

Vixen reinforces the stereotype of redheads. She may look innocent enough, but that's all they are - looks. She's always been very temperamental and used to getting her way. Her relationships have always been as volatile as her emotions. Midway through her teens, her parents threw up their hands in exasperation. Now, a few years later, her husband does the same. Granted, when he married her, he had some idea about what he was getting into, but nothing could have prepared him for the reality of living with a molten woman like Vixen. Though a nice enough guy, he's very reserved, which is something his wife can't stand. Over time, she's come to resent him for this, driving her to find new ways to punish him. So far, cheating's been a pretty effective form of retribution.







Of course, he knows what Vixen gets up to when he's not around - she makes no effort to keep it a secret - but, as he knows quite well, Vixen will do whatever she wants and confronting or arguing with her is too much for him to handle.



Besides, it's not as though she refuses to have sex with him. If all he gets is sloppy seconds or, more likely, sloppy sixths, at least that's still better than nothing.







Of course, he's not aware of the full extent of her perversity. While he knows she's indiscriminate with her choice in partners, he has no idea that she gets an intense thrill from servicing more than one man at a time.



From the beginning, Vixen has made it clear that her tight little asshole was stricly off-limits. Though it seems like she has a double-standard when it comes to her lovers.







Vixen can't really be blamed for being such an insufferable little bitch. If you'd like a bit of fiery excitement in your life, give her a call... go ahead, her husband won't care.

800-482-9447



Melissa

Men with Muscles



Melissa's always had a thing for well-muscled guys. You know, the type that can toss a woman over their shoulders for a standing 69. Unfortunately, she's also always had a thing for men with money, which is why she married her husband. While his bank account is enormous, both his body and cock are on the small side of average and definitely not enough to keep Melissa satisfied.



For the first few years, she tried really hard to be a good wife and overlook her spouse's physical deficiencies, but when she met Drew, all her good intentions flew out the window.





Her husband was busy enough that she was able to keep her affair with Drew a secret, though he was curious about what was making his wife so happy. Little did he know it was because, for the first time in years, she was being well and properly fucked.







This is the kind of physical performance Melissa had been missing.



Drew was big in every way, so it took her a while to get used to his usage of her chute. Turns out it was well worth the effort.





What can we say, Melissa knows
how to keep a guy going strong and
just can't seem to get enough.

800-230-8887





If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

To the Editor:

Hi my name is Suzie and I'm a housewife. I wanted to tell you about a truly memorable day that has started a new hobby for me. Finding things around the house that need fixing. When I've been desperate I've even broken a few things just so they could be fixed. Let me tell you why this is so much fun!

It all started when my husband was off early one morning on a business trip for a week. I had been really horny the night before and had tried to interest him in giving me a good fuck before he left. But he had been too tired, the poor baby. That really pissed me off. I had to spend twenty minutes with my favorite dildo that morning just to put myself in a good mood. As I was getting dressed I caught sight of myself in the mirror. I thought I looked pretty good as my 5'5 length was still lean and trim. At 36 my large 42DD tits were still perky, and only need minimal support, my long naturally blonde hair fell in waves over my shoulders, and my shaved pussy looked awesome. I don't know what was wrong with him. I found myself wondering if I should be worried about him messing around. As I went to get dressed I realized I couldn't worry about that right now anyway as I had all my chores to do for the day.

I had been putting it all off long enough. I had to get through the huge pile of laundry that was backing up in the laundry room. Halfway into the second load of clothes the washing machine broke down leaking water everywhere. "Oh great! The cap to a wonderful day." Little did I know what was coming. I found the phone book and started calling repair places. The only one that could make it out quickly was one of those handy-man husband deals for single girls or married ones who couldn't get their husbands to do anything. Sounded like it was right up my alley.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock on the door and I opened the door to a twenty-some-



HOUSEWIFE'S NEW HOBBY

thing young stud he had on tight jeans, and since it was a hot humid August day, an already sweaty tank top covered a very sculpted body. He gave me a smile that lit up my day. I almost came right there in my panties. Then as he looked me up and down I remembered that since it was wash day I had found the oldest pair of shorts I had, which were extremely tight and clung to every curve, they left nothing to the imagination. As well as the little white tank top that I had bought and shrunk, due to my horrible laundry skills, a size too small but kept to wear around the house. It fell only just below my tits. Oh and no bra because of course those were all dirty as well. I've got to start doing laundry a little more often.

"Hi I'm Andy with Hubby Helper I was told you had something that needed fixing?"

Boy did I ever!!!!

Then, mumbling something about the washing machine, I took him back to the laundry room.

He took one look at the machine and said that he had to go back to his truck to get some tools and would be right back. I told him that the door was open and to just come right back in. After he went out I stood there a moment and realized that the time spent with my dildo that morning wasn't going to get me through the day. Just looking at this hunk I was all shivery inside and promised myself another session as soon as he was gone. He came back inside and told me it was probably something simple, and he would have it fixed in no time. I stayed to watch him work thinking that the more I saw of him the better my fantasies would be later. I came up behind him to ask him if he would like a drink or something, just at that moment he was pulling the machine away from the wall and the pipe exploded with water drenching us both. He stood up apologizing as he turned the knob shutting off the water. When he turned back around he just stood there and stared at me with his mouth open and eyes wide. It was then I realized my tank top had become completely see-through and my nipples were sticking out like pebbles. I looked down and thought I would die from humiliation. I started to back out of the room using my hands to cover my tits mumbling something about getting some towels. When I looked down so I wouldn't have to look at his face I noticed the bulge in his pants. He saw me looking at his crotch and said "Don't

go on my account, I'm enjoying the show." I just stood there and stared at him. I think he figured he must have made a mistake. He started to turn around and was apologizing again when I walked up behind him reaching around him and putting my hand over his cock and asked, "were you just being nice or did you really see something you liked?" He got real still for a moment then reached down and covered my hand pushing his hardening cock into my hand. "I think this kind of gives me away don't you?"

He turned around and gazed down at my tits and said "oh yeah those are beautiful." He reached up with both hands and started to caress my tits. I let out a little moan. Mmmm did that feel good. "OH Yes," he leaned down and sucked on my nipple through the shirt. I put my head back and moaned louder. As he was sucking on one nipple he was tweaking the other one. I reached down and grabbed the back of his head and pushed him harder into my tit. My nipples have always been one of the most sensitive parts of my body even competing with my clit sometimes as to which will make me cum faster. He moaned into my tit and I felt electric shocks all the way to my pussy. I let him feast on my tits for a little bit just enjoying the sensations shooting through my body. I let go of the back of his head and reached down to the front of his pants, and started to fumble with the buttons and zipper. I wanted to see that cock. It had been so long since I had seen any cock except my husband's and I was curious to see what I was missing. I wanted it so bad I could taste it. I was so busy with his pants I didn't realize he was trying to get my top off of me. He gave up and ripped it from my body. When he saw my tits he groaned. "Oh god those are just made for fucking." I said, "You can do anything you want Andy if you will just take off these damn pants. I have to taste that cock." Andy obligingly reached down and undid his zipper, pushing down the jeans and his boxers. That beautiful cock sprang into view and I almost came again right there. It was about 8 1/2 inches long and thick. I grabbed a hold of it and in one swift move went down on my knees and had it almost all the way down my throat. He grabbed the back of my head groaning and held me there as I deep throat him. I reached up and started playing with his balls while I moaned around his cock he pulled back and started thrusting his cock in and out of my mouth. I took hold of his hips and kept up the rhythm swiping my tongue up and down his shaft with each thrust. He moaned, "Oh Yeah Baby suck that cock," while he was thrusting his cock into my face I reached down and started



playing with my nipples he noticed this and pulled away letting his cock pop out of my mouth and flop up slapping his stomach.

He stool that was in the corner he bent down and started licking my tits all over then put his cock in-between and started fucking my tits. I grabbed both my tits in my hands and squeezed his cock hard between them, opening my mouth and trying to catch the tip of his cock with every thrust. He moaned, "MMMM you really like to suck cock don't you?" He was thrusting so fast his cock was a blur. I just left my mouth open and was squeezing my tits and rubbing them up and down his shaft. Just as I thought he might cum all over my tits. He pulled away, pulling me up with him and lifting me he sat me on top of the washing machine. Then he leaned down and started kissing my stomach tracing a line down to my shaved pussy. I could hear how wet my pussy was when he stuck his fingers in me. I leaned back spreading my legs. "Yesss Andy please lick my pussy. It's starved for attention!" He just looked up at me through my legs and smiled. He leaned forward and started tonguing my clit. Sliding his fingers deep in my pussy. I was moaning and writhing on the washing machine. I came again and again. I was lying back tweaking my nipples and alternately sucking on them and cumming every few minutes.

My husband had been neglecting this area for some time and I was reveling in the attention. As I thought this my mind drifted back to my husband and all of a sudden I thought, "What the hell am I doing? I'm a married woman!" but just then Andy hit the right spot again and all thoughts vanished from my mind.

I grabbed his hair and pulled him up for a deep kiss, savoring the taste of myself on his lips and tongue. "That was wonderful Andy but

now I want that hard cock deep in my pussy." I hopped off the washing machine and turned around, bending over the top of the machine. He came up behind me and ran his hands down my back until he was holding on to my hips. He leaned over me and started kissing my back leading a trail of kisses all the way from my shoulders down to the small of my back then without warning he stood up and thrust his cock into my pussy. All the way to the hilt in one stroke, I screamed as he started slamming into me. I came so hard I was shaking as it felt so good to have a hard dick slamming into my pussy. "Oh God! Yesss give me that cock!" He was slamming into me so hard I had to grab the sides of the washing machine. "Yeah baby take that cock. You need it don't you?" "Yesss Andy I need it, give it to me!" He thrust it into me over and over for what seemed like hours then, I felt him stiffen even more and he pulled away. I turned and fell on my knees. "Please give me that cum I want to taste it!" He shot his load into my open mouth. I caught as much of it as I could, licking my lips. "Oh god that's good."

He kind of staggered back and leaned against the wall. "Lady that was incredible but I don't even know you're name?" I looked up at him smiling while I licked his cum off my tits and said "My name is Suzie and I think I'm going to have a lot of jobs for you Andy!!!" We both took a few minutes to recuperate and he got back to fixing the washer. After he was done he had to go to another job but he has been back several times.

So I'm off to find something for Andy to fix. He hasn't been here in a few days and I don't think the dishwasher sounds right. It might have something stuck in there. What do you think??

— Tigg



Aurora

Midnight Diversions

Aurora had been dissatisfied with her marriage for quite a while, so she did the logical thing and started going to sex clubs with her girlfriend. If she was going to stray, she preferred to do it anonymously, as well as safely. She loves having such a wide variety of possible sex partners. She's discovered that she's fluidly bisexual and has had as many female lovers as male. The only thing which she craves above all else is black cock.





Maybe it was because her husband was tiny in the prick department (at least as far as his member was concerned - though not with his personality), or maybe it was because she came from a largely segregated region of the South, but no matter how much she consumed, she could never get enough dark meat.





She generally didn't think about the reasons too much, preferring to just lay back and allow herself to be screwed senseless.







Aurora prides herself in being a full-service slut and she's never believed in limitations, which provides her partners with all sorts of tempting possibilities.









This dirty wife has all that it takes to be a world-class lay
and she's always eager to fulfill the darkest fantasies.

800-308-5347



Avy & Shayna



***A Non-traditional
Marriage***



Avy and Shayna had graduated from the same high school and were surprised to learn that they were attending the same art school. More of their university career was spent rolling around in bed than in the studio. Though they continued to be each other's fallback lovers, they also had boyfriends who, after graduation, became their husbands. Of course, the guys were aware of the girls' close connection. Instead of seeing it as a threat, they saw it as an opportunity. It seemed a shame to separate them, so why not share them? Both couples pooled their resources, bought a nice condo and have been having a swinging blast ever since. For these 4, it couldn't be any other way.

If their men are preoccupied (or tired, as is frequently the case after a night with these two), Avy and Shayna are perfectly happy to keep each other occupied.





The good thing is that no one ever seems to get jealous. In fact, they have trouble actually remember who is married to whom, their relationships fluid in every way imaginable.









There's no end to the kinky things these couples get up to. They even like to mix it up a bit more and invite other couples to join them in bed. While some couples have dinner parties, these two have orgies.





We did mention that the girls would do absolutely anything, right?









Looks like they're just gearing up for the next round of filthy fun. They'd just love for you to join them.

888-220-4277



Fabiane



City Goes Country

Fabiane grew up in New York City, so she knew as much about the country as she did about the geological composition of Neptune. Blake was from Wyoming, trying to make his way in the big city. At this he failed, but in the process, he met and fell in love with the sassy city girl. They had a whirlwind romance and were married before either of them could say yippee-kayay. When it became painfully evident that Blake just wasn't cut out for city life, he whisked his new bride back to Wyoming, painting for her a picture of placid rusticity. It was plenty placid and rustic, alright. So much so that Fabiane was beside herself with boredom.



Turns out, unbeknownst to Blake, his buddies were more than happy to help her pass the time.





A photograph showing a woman with dark hair and blue eyes lying on her side on a bed, performing oral sex on a man whose penis is visible in her mouth. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a playful expression. Another man is lying behind her, with his hands resting on her back and buttocks. A third man is visible in the background, looking on. The bed has white pillows and a dark wooden headboard.

Fabiane was so different from all the local girls; she instantly made a splash in the small town. The guys had never run across such a frisky and free-loving bitch and just couldn't seem to get enough of her.



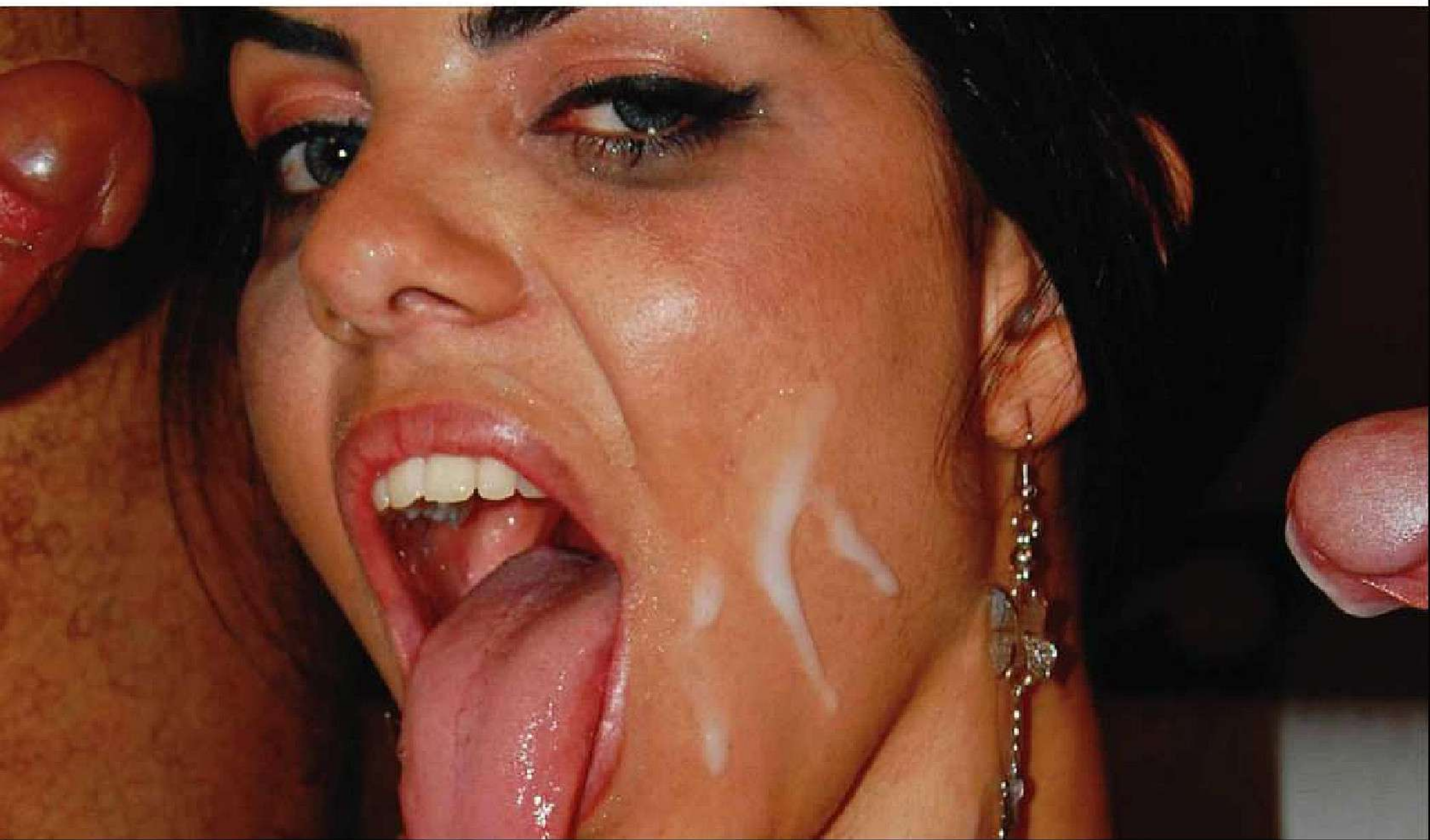


Of course, she felt guilty about cheating on Blake, but a girl's got needs, there's no two ways around that. Besides, as long as he didn't know, no real harm was being done.



Besides, she was just too much woman to be content with just one man. She needed variety and here, in Wyoming of all places, she was getting her fill.







It's always good to see a girl with a big appetite. If you'd like to help Fabiane pass the time, give her a call.

888-331-2548

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a pink and white striped one-piece swimsuit, is posing on a wooden deck. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background shows green foliage and a wooden railing.

Vanessa

Tales of a Serial Adultr

Though Vanessa might look young, she's already on her third husband. It seems that she has a continual problem with monogamy, which 2 of her husbands simply couldn't tolerate. The third's still around because, well, he's still in the dark, being slower than his predecessors to pick up on the evidence. It's not even that Vanessa goes for hotter or more interesting men. The fact is that she'll pretty much go for any available guy. This is a gal with an itch and she doesn't give a fuck who scratches it - just so long as it's done properly.





Her reputation aside, there's no denying the fact that she's a hot little thing with lots to offer, physically. No wonder she's been so successful on her adulterous circuit.

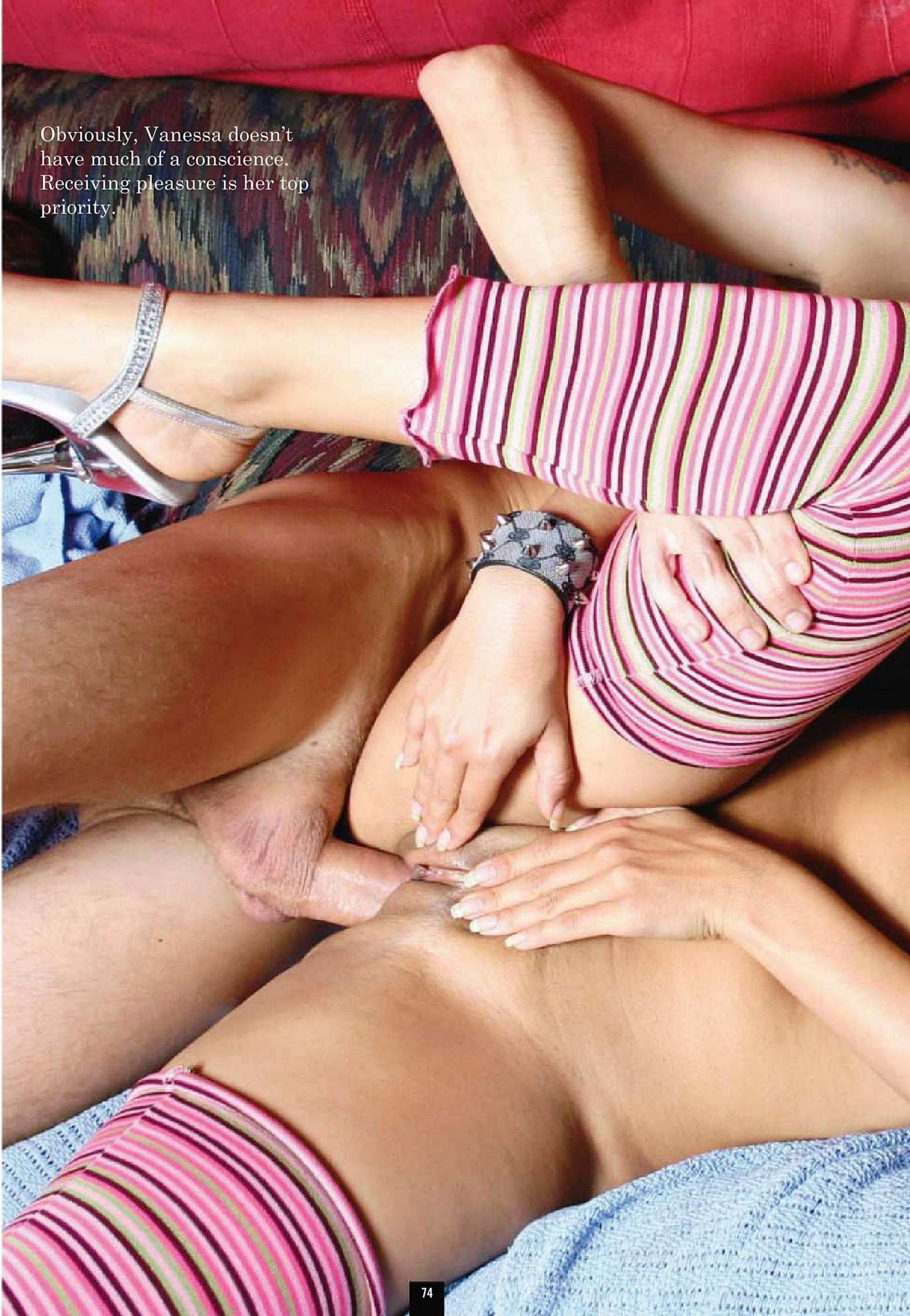






At least she's getting plenty of practice. As far as that goes, her husband is a pretty lucky guy.

Obviously, Vanessa doesn't have much of a conscience. Receiving pleasure is her top priority.









Time and time again,
she's proved herself
to be a true anal slut.
And why not?





Vanessa's free this afternoon
for a little play, but you bet-
ter act fast. This is one very
busy housewife.

888-356-7588



Alexa

First-Generation Fucktress

Initially, Alexa came to the US as an exchange student. She thoroughly enjoyed her university experience and wanted to continue her life in the States. Of course, immigration is easier imagined than done. Sponsorship is the easiest option, though she had no other family in the country. Marriage seemed like the logical choice, and for a looker like her, was easily accomplished. Unfortunately, she had no real affection for her husband, the marriage little more than a convenient facade.





Still, her husband was head over heels for the sultry tease. In his eyes, she could do no wrong, worked out for her well enough, considering that once she got started, all she was doing was wrong.





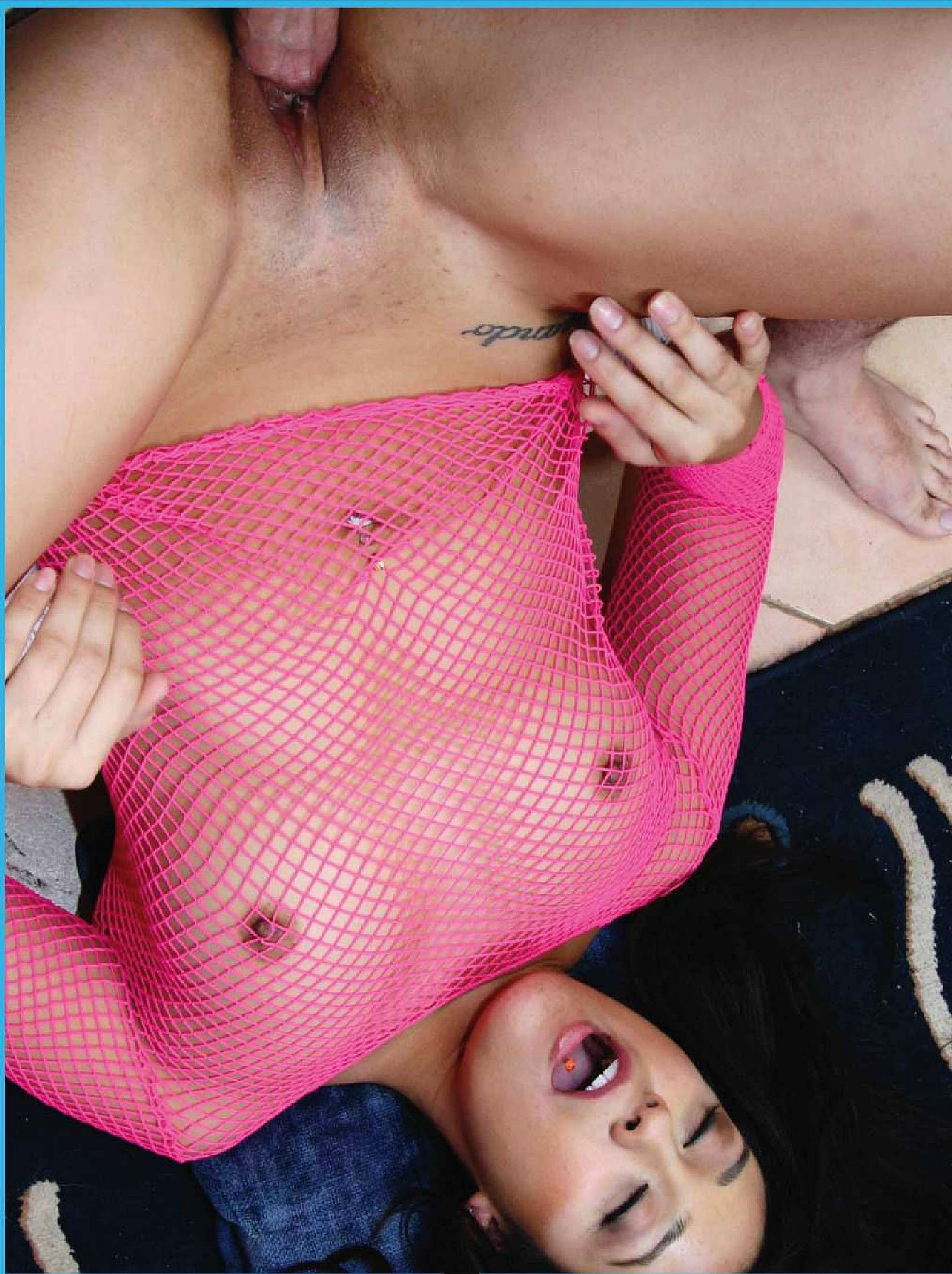
Though he might have helped her make a new life for herself, no matter how hard she tried, she wasn't attracted to him. Still, she was a very sexual person and simply had to indulge her urges in some way.



She was having difficulty finding work, and her husband didn't mind supporting her, so she had plenty of free time on her hands... plenty of free time in which to get into all sorts of naughty trouble.







Being an inventive woman, she came up with all sorts of ways to keep herself occupied. For instance, exercising her greedy little cunt.



A new country and a whole new world of opportunities. Alexa's got it made.
Wanna join her for a fun afternoon romp?

888-393-6725







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"I think you'll find most everything there, Brenda."

"Thank you, Roy. If Karen and I need anything else, we'll let you know." She handed him a cool smile. He wasn't easily discouraged. He leered back. "Okay, good." He hesitated at the boardroom door. "I'm just down the hall – third door on the right." He pointed. "My door's always open for you two ladies."

Brenda picked up a file and glanced through it. "We know where your office is. Thanks again."

Roy slowly took the hint. He adjusted his wire-rim glasses, patted his comb-over, and then slid out the door.

"Oh, Roy!"
He quickly filled the door again. "Yes, Brenda!"

"Could you close the door, please?"

He frowned, and shut the door.

I couldn't help laughing. "I think he likes you," I said.

Brenda looked at me and smiled. "Roy tries to 'like' all the women from our firm. Why don't you pull up a chair and we can start going through these files. We don't want to keep Roy here all night – he has a family waiting at home, after all."

I pushed my stuff over on the table, closer to Brenda, and sat down next to her. The small, dimly-lit boardroom was suddenly eerily quiet. The gleaming surface of the oak table was littered with files, ledgers,



CLIENT VISIT

receipts, and invoices. Brenda picked up a thick file titled 'Shanahan Trucking' and handed it to me. "Remember," she said, "we're looking for anything that would indicate that there was more than the usual business relationship between our client and the Shanahan group of companies. Especially as it relates to the purchase of Ackland Chemical." She looked at me. "Got it?"

"Got it," I replied.

Brenda is a senior partner in the firm, so I was honored to be working so closely with her. Most of the partners don't even know the names of their articling students. Brenda was the one who had hired me, just three months ago.

We poured over the documentation. Brenda jotted down notes in a tidy

scribble on a yellow legal pad. I flipped through files, giving her everything that might be important, made photocopies, and carried ledgers back and forth from Roy's office and the accounting department.

"How much longer do you think you'll be?" Roy asked, as I handed him a binder. He was clearly nervous – he knew that his neck could be on the line if we found any linkage between his company and Shanahan.

"I'd say about another hour."

Roy glanced at the big, macho watch on his bony left wrist. His skin was pale with an accountant's tan, and covered with dark hair. "Eight o'clock, eh. Okay, I'll phone 'she who cooks the dinner' and let her know."

His fingers touched mine when I handed him an accordion file full of receipts. He grinned.

"See you later," I said.

He frowned.

I went back to the boardroom and plopped down in the chair next to Brenda. "I think Roy is after me now."

Brenda glanced up and laughed. Then she stared at me for a moment. "Well, you are a very pretty girl," she said. She patted my shoulder. Her hand was warm. "Wow. I'm starting to get tired," she said, and stretched. "How about you?"

I smiled shyly and looked down at some papers. "You really think I'm pretty?" I asked quietly. Brenda is a bit of a hero of mine, and I value her opinion.

She leaned closer, reached over, and gently lifted my chin. She looked into my eyes. I started to turn red as her soft fingers caressed my face. "I sure do," she whispered. She kissed me lightly on the lips.

My face went beet red and I started to tremble. I could feel her warm breath on my face. I couldn't believe that she had just kissed me.

She kissed me again. I felt dizzy and the room grew hot. Her perfume was smothering me, inviting and intoxicating. She got up, rolled a chair over to the boardroom door, and jammed it under the door knob. She slowly walked back to me, her eyes on mine. I watched breathlessly as she took off her jacket and draped it over the back of her chair. She grasped my right hand and brought me to my feet, face to face with her. My legs felt weak. I didn't know what was going to happen next - things were happening so fast. She stood close to me and kissed me again, longer this time. Her soft lips pressed against mine and I moaned.

I felt one of her hands gently cup my left breast and squeeze it slightly. I gasped. I awkwardly flung my arms around her and pulled her body hard against mine. I opened my mouth and felt her tongue



enter. It was like an electric jolt through my body. I tingled all over. I could feel her large breasts pressing against mine, our nipples touching through the thin fabric of our clothing.

Brenda is about forty years old and has a slim, toned body. Her breasts, however, are large and heavy. She has black hair cut fairly short, and a delicate, sensitive face.

We stood there, in the middle of the client's boardroom, locked in a passionate embrace, fiercely kissing each other. I thanked God that the windows were frosted glass, or Roy really would have got a show. I briefly glimpsed the blurred white of his shirt as he walked down the hallway.

Our tongues danced against each other. Brenda pulled her head back. "Stick out your tongue, Karen," she whispered.

I obeyed. Her wet, red lips closed over my tongue and she began sucking on it. I groaned. My body felt thick with heat. Brenda's hands explored my breasts as she sucked up and down on my pink

tongue like it was a stiffened cock.

She suddenly stepped back, and I stood there with my eyes closed and my tongue hanging out. She laughed. I opened my eyes and saw that she was unbuttoning my top. I was wearing a simple white blouse and a black skirt. I couldn't afford a lot of expensive clothing on a law student's salary. She slowly unfastened all the buttons, pulled the hem of the blouse out of my skirt, and then pushed the garment open. The cool air felt good against my over-heated body and my nipples grew hard. She ran her hands through my long, blonde hair as she stood there admiring me, her eyes sparkling.

Her fingers drifted over my face, my lips, my neck, my shoulders, my breasts. I sighed, and closed my eyes again. It was a dream I didn't want to awaken from. I felt Brenda unhook my bra. "Very nice," she murmured.

She pushed the bra and the blouse over my shoulders and they slid down my back and dropped onto the carpet. I stood there in my skirt and my high heels, my upper body bare, my breasts begging for

her silky touch. I squeezed my breasts together and rolled the long, hard nipples between my fingers. "Please," I moaned. "Suck my tits."

Brenda finally bent forward, gently removed my hands, and began teasing my nipples with her tongue – flicking her tongue lightly against each nipple, making them stiffer still.

"Oh God, yes!" I cried.

She grabbed my breasts and squeezed them. My body quivered. She began sucking on my breasts, first one, then the other. She bathed my breasts with her hot tongue, and bit lightly on my rock-hard nipples. She sucked a breast deep into her mouth, virtually swallowing the whole thing; then her tongue brushed back and forth across the nipple. She released my breast from her mouth - it was soaked with her saliva. She sucked hard on my other breast, tugging on the nipple with her teeth. She flattened out her tongue and licked all over my breasts, between my breasts, paying special attention to my aching nipples.

I looked down at Brenda working over my engorged nipples with her mouth and tongue, and I shuddered in amazement. Brenda was my boss, for goodness sake, and a partner in one of the largest and most prestigious law firms in the city. But not now. Right now she was my lover – and my pussy was soaking wet. I unclasped my skirt with shaking fingers and let it drop at my feet.

Brenda squeezed my breasts and smiled up at me. "Ready for more?" she asked.

Before I could answer, she pushed me back onto the table. She quickly cleared the papers away, until all I could feel was the cool table top against my inflamed body. She leaned over top of me and we kissed ferociously. Our mouths mashed against each other. We were no longer tentative. Brenda grabbed my head to

hold it still. She painted my lips with her long tongue. My tongue darted out to lick hers. I stretched my arms back over my head, arching my back, surrendering my body to Brenda. She could do what she wanted. I was too weak to resist. She slowly kissed and licked her way down my naked body, stopping to suck again on my swollen nipples. I bit my lip and moaned. I felt her wet tongue in my navel and I gasped. I realized that I was very close to cumming. She put my legs together and pulled off my sopping panties. Her hands roamed over and between my legs. Her pink tongue flicked across my skin, raising goosebumps wherever it went.

"Yes," I whispered, struggling to keep from exploding. "God, yes."

"Yes," Brenda responded, as she spread my legs and bent down between them. She rested my legs on her shoulders and blew softly on my soaking wet pussy. It only fanned my raging fire. When her moist tongue touched my pussy, I screamed. I didn't care if there were a hundred people in the building and they were all watching me. All I knew was that Brenda's tongue was pushing deep into my pussy, and I was feeling things I had never felt before. I was out of control. I was ready to come.

"God you taste great," Brenda murmured.

Her voice vibrated throughout my whole body.

"I'm cumming!" I screamed. I desperately grabbed her by the hair and shoved her face deeper into my hot pussy.

She grabbed my butt and lifted me off the table, her tongue plowing harder and deeper inside of me. Her tongue flicked over my clit and I cried "Yes!"

My body went rigid as the sexual tension reached a boiling point.



"Cum for me, Karen!" Brenda yelled, sucking on my clit.

I frantically squeezed my breasts together – they were slick with sweat. I madly rolled my nipples between my fingers. Brenda's tongue plunged in and out of my pussy like a cock. My body spasmed uncontrollably. Orgasm after orgasm coursed through me. "Yes!" I screamed, soaking Brenda's face with my white-hot cum.

After an eternity, I groaned and opened my eyes. I was spent. I had never come so intensely in my entire life. I smiled weakly at Brenda. She gave my pussy one last long lick and then stood up. Her face was wet with my juices. She unbuttoned her top and unhooked her bra. She tossed them aside. I stared at her huge breasts. Her nipples were long and thick, and an even deeper black than her massive breasts.

"My turn," she said, a wicked smile dancing across her pouty lips.

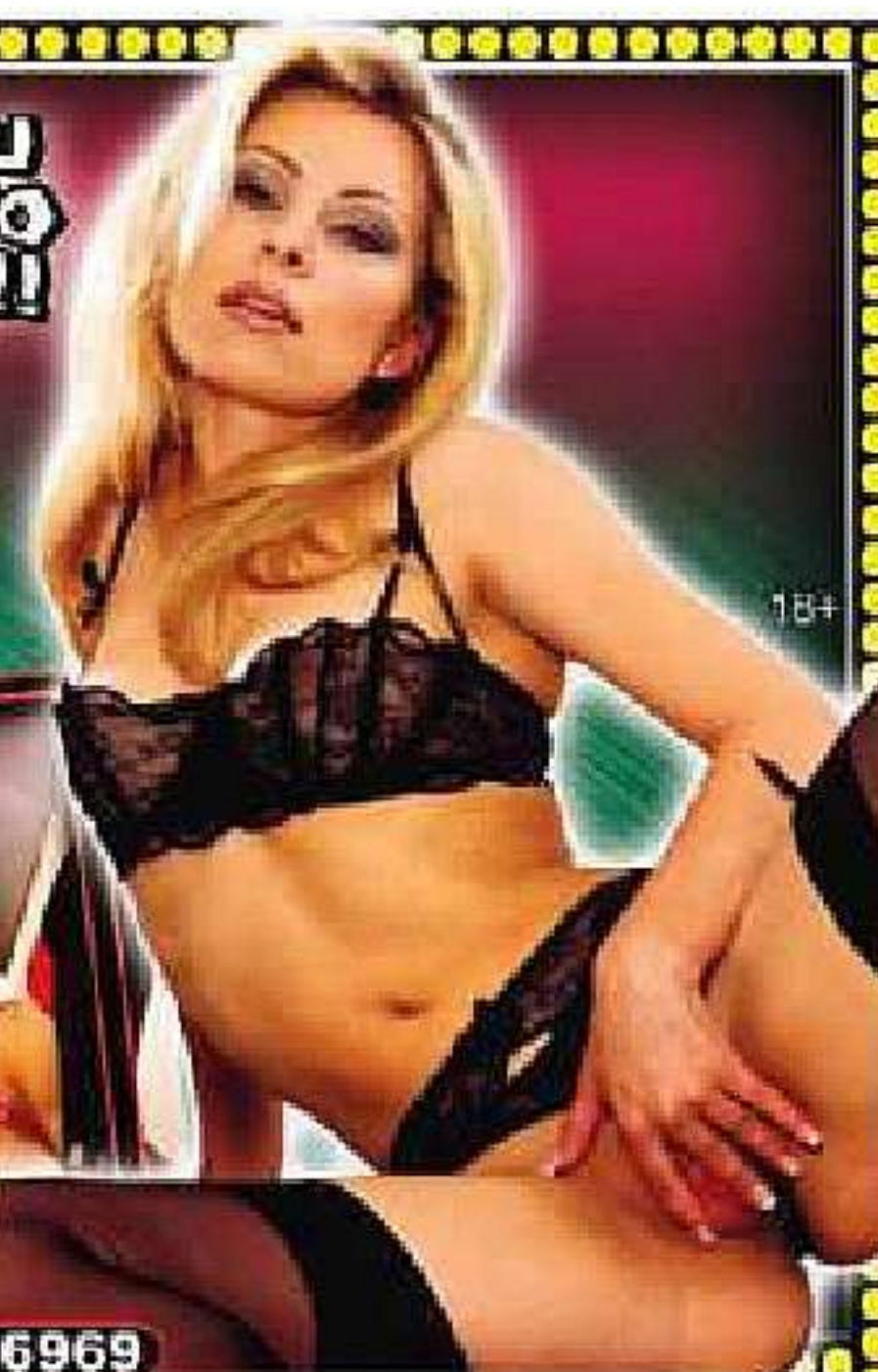
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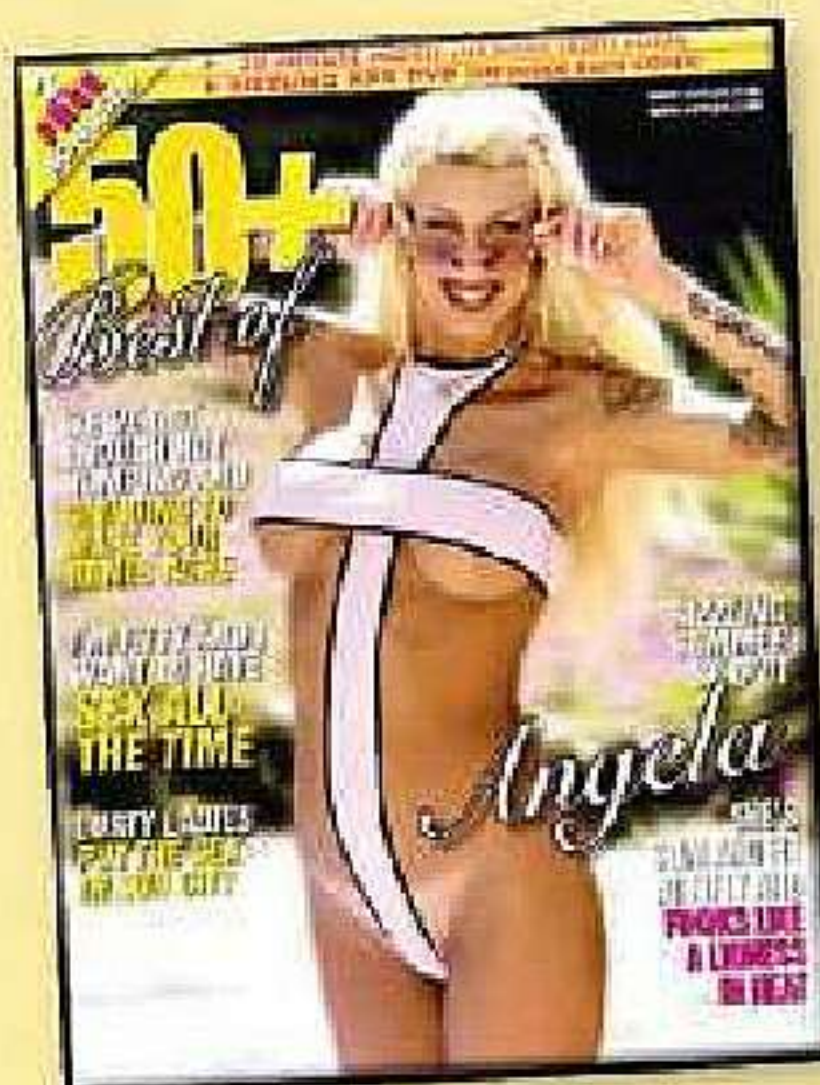
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